

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

AND at this season the elders and chief deacons of the church come together, and say one unto another: "Lo now, let us hire ourselves a hall, and hold therein a fair; and build booths and stalls and tabernacles, and set over them the comely-maidens of our flock, that they may sell a quart of water with one oyster to the man who hath a dollar; and a thimbleful of ice-cream to the man who hath seventy-five cents, and to the man who hath but a quarter a five-cent penwiper. And so shall our money-bags that are empty be made full again, and the treasury shall rejoice, being filled with shekels of silver and gold. And if any man shall rise up and say that it is not becoming nor seemly for a virtuous maiden to array herself in fine raiment for a toil and a snare, and solicit the young men that they buy of her wares; if any man shall say this thing, and shall defy us, him will we cast out, and curse for an evil-speaker and a son of Belial.

And in these days, moreover, the governor of a certain prison being accused of cruelty and evilly entreating the captives; and these things being proven against him by many witnesses, the elected rulers of the people, sitting in judgment on this man, shall conspire together, and discharge that governor from custody, and proclaim him innocent. And therein are they more foolish even than is their wont; for the day shall come when they themselves shall be delivered into the hands of that man, and they shall suffer like unto the other captives who were with him aforetime. Selah.

Now, also, the man who owneth a Dairy retireth to the backyard, and worketh gaily the venerable mortar and pestle, and pulverizeth the plenteous chalk; and hence springeth the calcareous deposit in the interior of the young man who served by the red-haired handmaiden with a cast in her eye.

Furthermore, these are the days when the diminutive new potato flourisheth. Waxen is he, and perilous to the bowels; and the man who partaketh of him realizeth the cholera-season before its time.

Also about this time loometh up on the horizon the Easter-bonnet. And the man who hath taken to himself a help-meet from time to time goeth down to the docks and regardeth fixedly the water, and meditateth upon the glory of bodies celestial.

And now the young man who delighteth to make himself fair in the eyes of the maidens, being adjured of his companions to shoot the hat, duly shooteth the same, and showeth himself an the Avenue with a tile that is beautiful to look upon; and there is pride and exaltation in the heart of that youth. And being nine dollars short that week, he omitteth to pay his board-bill, and his landlady hath no pity on him, and he goeth to join the hat that was shot.

THE Reverend Josephus Flavius Cook alleges that he "represents the aristocracy of Boston." The aristocracy of Boston can now mingle its tears with the intelligence of New York, of which Sammy Cox is at present the representative. Cox and Cook will do to pair off.

A NICE LITTLE BILL.

IN the House of Representatives, on March 19th, Mr. Blaine, of Maine, by request asked, and by unanimous consent obtained leave to bring in the following bill, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Library:

A BILL

For the better protection of acting plays and dramatic literature.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled: that the law of copyright shall cover and protect managers, actors, and other citizens of the United States who shall procure through purchase the right to play be it farce, comedy, tragedy, drama or spectacular representation from a foreign author, for the purpose of playing or selling the same in the United States.

There is a modest and retiring beauty about this little bill which will not be at once perceived by the general public.

The persons particularly benefited by the bill are a certain New York firm of play-brokers, and their principal customers, the proprietors of one of our city theatres. This firm, doing business under the title of "Dramatic Publishers," has for years held a monopoly of the business in this country.

The *modus operandi* is simple. An agent of the firm is kept in Paris to watch for successful plays. The moment M. Sardou or M. Dumas makes a hit with a new piece, the American right is purchased by this agent at a price announced as—well, say, two thousand pounds. Cruel rumor, however, hints that the pounds are apt to be francs, which alters the case. First choice of the play is then offered to one or two leading New York theatres, and if they will not have it, it is peddled about among the country managers, at royalties scarcely compatible with an original investment of ten thousand dollars; but still decidedly remunerative to the brokers.

It seems, however, that this interesting arrangement is not sufficiently protected by the ordinary proprietary laws which apply to other international commerce. The play-broker bears no brother near the coulisses; competition he burkes with all possible promptitude. But from time to time some clever English playwright, temporarily sojourning in this country, puts on the stage a dramatization of the published moral whence a French author has re-written a play. And thus is a hole made in the profits of the festive monopolist. Hence the bill of Blaine of Maine.

We fully understand that the act is intended to solicit the suffrages of the Congress of the United States on the ground of abstract justice, and of Blaine of Maine's fervent desire to protect Dramatic Literature in general. But we have mentioned the above facts in order to throw light on some curious points on its structure; the clause, in especial, that limits the benefits of the bill to "citizens of the United States," and relegates dramatists in the position of Messrs. Boucicault and Rowe—producers, and not brokers—to the limbo of the unprotected.

International copyright is a very good thing. But a system of International copyright which protects only one single American firm and its customers, may not incorrectly be characterized as lopsided. If we are to have a copyright treaty, let us have one which gives the Parisian author a chance to sell his play directly to the New York or Boston manager, on percentage or royalty proportionate to and dependent upon its success. At present he is obliged to yield it, for a comparatively small cash payment, to a middleman who will not pay him one cent additional if the play runs a thousand nights and makes a dozen fortunes. Thus is dramatic literature protected and encouraged. The bill will probably go through Congress.

It is backed by money; and it is a peculiarity of the Congress of these United States that it is given to passing bills that are backed by money. Moreover, there is probably not one man in that august body who knows Sardou from Bartley Campbell, or cares a snap of his fingers about dramatic art. Yet we must take this occasion to express our regret that it was entrusted to Blaine of Maine. He has some qualifications for handling it. But Sammy Cox was the man.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. LIV.

TO LOUISVILLE.

Ya-as, these aw western fellaws said that perwhaps we aw might find a place wejoicing in the name of Louisville maw interesting than this Cincinnati wegion, because there were aw a tolerwably fair



bweed of horses and some aw devilish fine-looking women in that countwy of Kentusky, derwived from Kent of course. I think, thorough Jack Carnegie, I have now aw been able to discover the aw curwious derwivation of the Cincinnati place. There was some fellow in Wohman historwy who was diwectly or indiwectly connected with some agwiculturwal implement—a plough or a harwow or some wiculous thing farm laborwrs use to scwatch the gwound to make aw carwots, cabbages and other vegetable arwangements grow.

This aw fellow lived severwal centurwies ago, and I don't pwecisely know if Amerwica was discovered then; but, at any wate, there must have been some we remarkable connection between him and aw Wome, and that is the weason the Amerwicans called the town weferwed to, Cincinnati, because aw yer see, yer know he had to wun away fwom the aw plough to become a Wohman Pwesident. To weach Louisville we could take severwal woutes, by wailwods called "short lines," and by aw watew on a wiver. We aw wesolved to twy the wiver in a floating arwangement, pwopelled by steam. We dwove to the aw banks of the wiver verwy much down hill, and walked on board with Luigi in charge of the twaps and twunks. The cwaft was indiffewently decowated, but aw white paint seems to have been pwetty fwely distwibuted about it. We had aw state wooms—cabins aw yer know—and keys hanging to twemendously long sticks to pwevent aw Amerwican fellows on board wunning away and appwopwiating them. Amerwicans aw, yer know, have made vast pwogwess in everwy descwription of wobberwy—aw, aw—wather ahead of the Bwitish in this wespect. The steamer moved down the wiver, and then a negwo wung a aw bell for aw something called aw supper, which I shall descwibe if I wite again aw.

A "CERTAINTY IN RELIGION"—the contribution-box.

WE have a word of advice to give the "Positive Facts" man of the *Sun*. Let him eschew American subjects. If he goes on writing about people we all know, the people will tumble to the fact that he is not only a cad, but a very ill-informed cad. Whereas if he keeps to remarks about the Earl of Derby's trousers and the paper shirt-front of the Marquis of Collywabbles, he may still pass for an authority in his own line.



PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

THE SEARCH FOR THE AMERICAN ARMY CONTINUED.

Mr. Frye, of Maine, said that some days ago he had called attention to the Soldier's roll of this House (of so called representatives). He would now be less ironical and more explicit, and say that he meant the American army stationed about the Capitol. It consisted of fourteen crippled and disabled soldiers. They had been seen about the doors here for years, and everybody could know that they were crippled. A short time ago these men had disappeared, and he desired to ascertain the reason.

Mr. Bouck suggested that they had probably died of old age.

Mr. Shelley, of Alabama, said that this was incompatible with American ideas of government. Men drawing pay (no matter how meagre) from the treasury were never known to die or resign.

Mr. Harris thought perhaps the army had been hypothecated.

Mr. Mills asked whether the army was from Ohio.

Mr. Kidder, a delegate, from Dakota, said that on his arrival in Washington he had been pointed out a lame man, playing a hand-organ on a street corner. He inquired who he was, and learned that he constituted the American army on its present peace footing. He ascertained that the humiliating position of the man was owing to the insufficiency of government pay. The gentleman from Maine had doubtless been actuated by good motives when he spoke of the army of fourteen, but this was really an augmentation of the true number. It was thirteen in excess of the truth.

Mr. Hungerford said that the army had been constantly getting smaller. Of late some doubt had been thrown on its existence. Personally he preferred to admit that there was an army without seeking tangible proof of the fact.

Mr. Gardner said that the word "army" appeared in all the school-books, besides the United States Constitution, and other public documents. It behooved Congress, therefore, if the number of the military had run down to one man to keep him alive, as otherwise much trouble would ensue.

Mr. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, asked whether the one soldier now constituting the American army was a whole man or a cripple, also whether he was on furlough or active service.

Mr. Finley was unwilling to believe that any one but a cripple would engage in the service of a nation which supported its criminals better than it did its chosen defenders.

The Speaker rapped for order.

Mr. Cobb thought that if there was an army Congress ought to know it. He discerned a vacant desk, and moved that the army be invited to sit at it.

Mr. Bell regarded the military as he did the police. It was never on hand when wanted.

Mr. Clymer said that undue severity was to be avoided. Perhaps at that moment the army was engaged in some useful employment. Perhaps he was getting shaved.

Mr. Banks said he had been shaved enough already. (Cries of "order.")

Mr. Butler suggested that the army—for duty in time of peace—would never die while he survived.

The Speaker said this was tantamount to saying that Butler had been unable to kill it.

Mr. Butler said that the meaning of his words had been perverted.

Mr. Steele asked for some assurance that the pay of the army would be no further reduced.

Mr. Sexton said that such a proceeding was impossible. When next Congress made a change, men would have to pay the government to be soldiers.

Mr. Frye asked consideration for his original question.

Mr. Polk said it was a mere sentiment.

Mr. Frye said he did not look upon it as sentiment. It was a law. He made no objection to substituting Democratic soldiers for Republican, for he thanked God there had been loyalty enough in the Democratic party of the North to gather fourteen Democratic soldiers. But he denied that crippled and disabled Democratic or even Confederate soldiers were put on, and appealed to the House. In conclusion, he invoked the shade of Falstaff to come down and muster the army of soldiers placed upon the roll, and then pictured his spirit again taking its flight when he saw the class of men appointed.

Mr. Muller, of New York city, said he did not know Falstaff, and inquired his nationality.

Mr. Cox, of New York and Ohio, said, in a moment of facetiousness, that this was not essential, as Falstaff was more likely to come up than down.

The Speaker said that Mr. Cox, having perpetrated his joke for the afternoon session, he was now prepared to adjourn the House, which was done. The army is still at large.

It has at last been ascertained what negroes were created for—to play in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Virtue is its own reward"—so even that boon doesn't fall to the lot of the right-doer. If virtue was his own reward, there would be more of him—and it.

THE newspaper man who writes his autobiography for posthumous fame must not rail at humanity if his work reaches no higher niche in literature than a place in a library of fiction.

THE wages of sin are not very desirable compensation, but they constitute a princely return compared with what the girls at the Stewart Home receive from their great employer.

THE manager of the theatre programme in which the following paragraph appears, should cease publishing it in its present form. "ABOUT TOWN. The Sixpenny Savings Bank is one of the safest banks in existence, and our many friends would do well to deposit their savings within its walls. An elegantly fitted-up ladies' parlor and other accessories have been a blessing to its patrons, excelling the efforts of like institutions who always look to their own comfort, and never so much as think of their depositors." Perhaps it may as well be mentioned that several of the latter are now in the hands of receivers.

FANTASY AND PASSION.

THE volume of poems bearing the above title, and written by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, the accomplished poet, has recently attracted much attention in the newspapers. Mr. Fawcett is rated for the perfection of his technique and the richness of his rhetorical coloring. Of the following lines (which bear only the signature that the reader will find appended to them, and which came to us without any word or message), we cannot positively affirm that they are Mr. Fawcett's composition. Yet there is something in them that indicates the ease with which his facile genius overcomes the extreme difficulties of rhythm, including the agonies of anapaest. Some of our readers may deem them a burlesque upon this accomplished poet's style. We deem them—but let them speak for themselves:

TECHNIQUE.

Imparadised by my environment,
In rhymes impeccably good,
Let me scribble, as poor proud Byron meant
To have scribbled, if he could!
I'll strain, as the sinuous camelopard
Strains after the blossomy bough,
And with faculties that develop hard
Let me write—I can't say how.

Impish idiom's idiosyncrasy
Shall my verse festoon with flowers;
In a kingdom of pen-and-inkrasy
I shall wield prosodian powers.
Through innumerable apotheoses
The future my name shall learn,
And like passionate plethoric peonies
My perpetual poems burn.

As the hairless huge hippopotamus
In Edens of mud makes din,
And exclaims, *sotto voce*, "What a muss!"
Of those who are not his kin,
So the common poet scowls firm at us,
Melodious kings of technique,
And affecting joy pachydermatous
Expires amid pains of pique.

Let my glory grow as the icicle
Accrues between night and morn;
As the bicyclist rides his bicycle
Let me on my metre be borne.
Flashing thus on verses vehicular,
With Pegasus 'neath my touch,
My method can't be too particular,
Nor the public see too much.

The critics are all anthropophagous,
And feed on poetic flesh;
My heart nestles in my esophagous,
To think I've been in their mesh.
As vessels that sail on the Bosphorus
Catch Constantinople's beams,
So my soul from prosody's phosphorus
Still gathers Daedalian gleams.

So in sensual surreptitiousness
Let me chase dull life away,
With amiably meek meretriciousness
Awaiting the judgment-day.
In anapest sesquipedalian
With Swinburne oh let me vie,
And a High Church Episcopalian,
In sanctity's odor die.

With joy will the historiographer
Gloat over my trained technique,
And the fleet free-fingered phonographer
Make note of my rhythmic *chic*,
When for airy kingdoms probationless
I exchange life's bootless bum,
Where souls that are versificationless
May never expect to come.

RECTILINEAR.

A DUEL IN ALSATIA.

SWORDS AT THIRTY PACES.

(Reported by Puck's Special Traveling Correspondent.)

(Concluded.)

AND so the chase continued the whole afternoon. The sun was sinking, and the spectators too; Bousage's seconds had fallen asleep on the hill. No one could say definitely when this bloody encounter would come to an end.

But for the sudden arrival of a *deus ex machina*, in the person of the village schoolmaster, hostilities might have been kept up indefinitely.

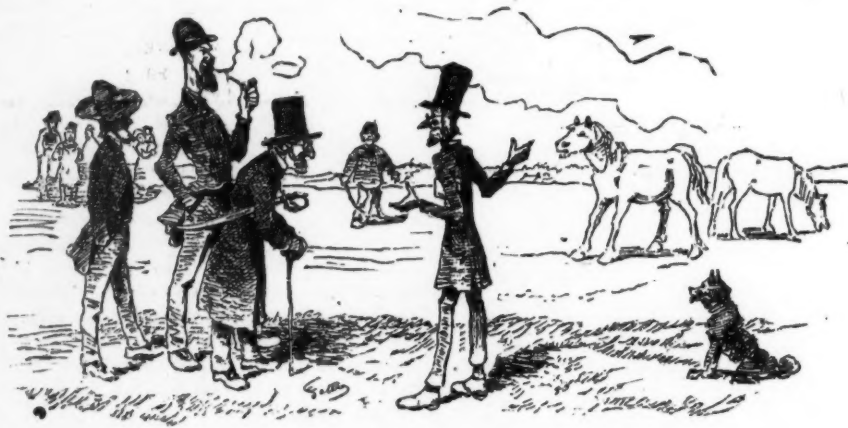
The schoolmaster was essentially classic. He complained of a fate which had not permitted his birth in the age of Themistocles, but had held him in reserve to mingle with the Oliviers and the Rouhers. It was because custom compelled it that he wore the costume of to-day instead of the toga of bygone ages, and instead of sandals, the rough products of Schnepflé's master-hand.

"Why dost thou flee, swift-footed Pelidè, from the murderous steel of the Trojan? Plunge, plunge thy spear, favorite of the gods!" Thus he addressed Bousage.

But the favorite of the gods didn't plunge for a sou. He grew fleet-footed (or fleet-footeder) every minute.

"Brother Béranger," then spoke the pedagogue to the disciple of Themis, "Brother Béranger, I have a proposition to make which, knowing your love for classic antiquity, I am sure you will approve of. I admit that there are occasions in life which call for the use of swords. But this appeal to the gods should not be made as the common *Demos*—the *profanum vulgus*—would make it. If you must fight, fight as fought the demi-gods of old. Doff the humiliating

garments of the present deteriorated age, and throw yourself upon one of yonder chargers, which Jove seems to have sent on purpose for the contest. Then will you realize the picture of a Centaur—sword in hand—raising his arm for the deadly blow."



"Une idée singulière, mais superbe!" observed Monsieur Crepaud.

"Shall we have to undress entirely?" asked Monsieur Béranger.

"You must!" cried the classical pedagogue enthusiastically.

"But I am subject to colds. Can't I keep on my chest-protector?"

"No," said the schoolmaster earnestly, "can ne va pas, absolument impossible. Neither the gods nor the demi-gods wore chest-protectors. As Nature made ye, thus do ye fling yourselves upon the mettled chargers, and spur them on to the fray!"

Bousage in the meanwhile had drawn near, cautiously and suspiciously.

"I propose an armistice pending these negotiations!" exclaimed the lawyer's colleague—a proposition which met with general favor.

The schoolmaster then explained his proposition to Bousage. But it took a long while for his unclassical brain to grasp the subject.



"What!" he exclaimed finally, when he caught the idea—the classic idea of the pedagogue—"What! Why, you cross-eyed, gum-blistered idiot! Ride round naked! You ought to be locked up in a lunatic asylum!"

The pedagogue was not riled. He might have been, but he wasn't. He was full of charitable forgiveness. He looked somewhat saddened at the want of success that had attended his proposition, but he didn't fume. In a mild and sanative sort of way he observed:

"Well, then, the best thing you can do is to make it up."

There was a pause. In another moment Béranger extended his hand in forgiveness to Bousage. The latter lost no time in seizing it, lest Béranger might change his mind.

It was then resolved that the reconciliation should be celebrated at the Red Lion. Compliments were freely exchanged on the road to the tavern, and altogether the affair partook of a jovial and sociable nature. Joy beamed upon the faces of all except the two seconds of Bousage. Messrs. Schnepflé and Pimpernelle approached their champion with miens of distress.

"Que voulez-vous, messieurs?" asked Bousage.

"You will understand, Monsieur Bousage," said Schnepflé, as spokesman for the pair, "that we cannot afford to assist in an affair of honor for nothing. What we want to know is, how much we are to get for our services. A franc apiece wouldn't be too much, we don't think."

"Two francs!" roared Bousage, laughing at them in scorn. You must be crazy. What



have you done for the money? Didn't you sit there perfectly quiet, while I had to run my legs off? Allez donc." And he dismissed his noble seconds contemptuously, and joined the ranks of the party moving towards the Red Lion.

Arrived at the tavern, the heroes of the day were awarded the seats of honor at the large table that stood in the centre—Béranger at the head, Bousage at the foot.

The wine flowed freely, and good humor prevailed to a delightful degree.

Jean Crepaud took the floor. He deemed it fitting on this occasion to make it manifest to the general ear that the inhabitants of Montviller included in its numbers those in whom a sense of justice and right prevailed unflinchingly, and that when the country should call for the exercise of that sense, Montviller's citizens (here he cast glances at the late contestants) should not be found wanting. And lowering his voice to a significant whisper, he



added: "When the hour of revenge shall come, Montviller will show the nations of the earth how to throw off the oppressor's yoke." And, amid thunders of applause, Crepaud took his seat.

But at another table sat two citizens of Montviller upon whom the proceedings seemed to make an unfavorable impression.

When the others smiled, they frowned. When the others applauded, they groaned.

"Pimpernelle," said one of them, addressing the other, "Pimpernelle, this is a burning shame."

"Schnepfle," was the other's reply, "it's a damn shame!"

"That comes from doing that old cuss a favor. Now I can go home and mend those shoes; they oughter been done two hours ago."

And the two honest sons of toil pounded indignantly on the table.



"Schnepfle," said Pimpernelle, "shall we put up with this thing?"

"No," said Schnepfle, "we shall not!"

* * * * *

At eleven o'clock in the evening the party broke up, and I left the Red Lion to walk to Strasburg, some two hours distant.

It was a charming night. The green meadows were illumined by the silvery moon. And I walked along for an hour filled with sweet and tranquil thoughts.

Suddenly a cry of "help!" in a familiar voice, rang out on the midnight air.

I rushed to the spot, and saw citizen Bousage dancing in a circle described by two cudgels in the hands of his late seconds, Messrs. Schnepfle and Pimpernelle.



My first impulse was to rush to Bousage's assistance; but before I had time, he had escaped and was thirty paces off.

LEOPOLDIBUS ROSEN SCHENCKFELD,
Special Trav. Cór. of PUCK.

[END.]

SUBSCRIPTIONS for a Moffatt bell-punch, specially designed to insure the country immunity from Montgomery Blair, may be sent to Washington.

A WOMAN has at last been found who cherished the memory of her lover during twenty-three years. She waited until his return from California, and then married him. He owned a gold mine.

ON A CAN.



NE summer's day, while lazily I lingered on a pier,

And drank the tender breezes wafted from the heavens clear,

And watched the bunting on the ships with vigor flap and fly,

An unobtrusive can upon an eddy floated by.

It bobbed around a little while; it started off, and then, just as I thought it far away, it bobbed in view again;

It seemed to dance and frisk and laugh, enjoying life afloat—

Its idiosyncrasies were quite too numerous to note.

As mentioned in the verse above, it seemed with pleasure fraught;

I thought it wished to speak to me—a very silly thought. But then a wild wave swiftly came and tossed it, much, to me,

As human beings oft are tossed on Life's uncertain sea.

A spell of contemplation then across my mind did steal; I thought how oft the simplest things the greatest truths reveal.

A useful lesson may be learned, by one that wisdom gleams,

E'en from a thing whose mission was preserving Lima-beans.

I looked around—'twas out of sight; perhaps it went to teach

Sound wisdom to barbarians upon a distant beach.

Perchance it went way out upon the ocean wide to dwell—

What really became of it is more than I can tell.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A MILKMAN'S YARN.

THE great chanticleer of New York is the milkman whose daily appearance, to put it mildly, is attended by what might be appropriately termed a cross between a fog-horn and the martial minstrelsy of a Modoc.

The milkman is a peculiar being: the eye of suspicion is ever on him. Be he never so honest, it is safe to say that no one places any confidence in him. Abusive epithets are lavished on him by everybody, and remarks which place the purity of his intentions within the pale of criticism, are uttered daily by man, woman and child.

I once heard of a milkman who didn't put a bit of chalk into his lacteal fluid—what do you think of that? No, he put in no chalk—nothing but pure water.

To illustrate to you the diabolical versatility and ingenuity which seem a part and parcel of the average milkman, I'll relate a little story which one of them told me several years ago:

"You see," he commenced, "the milk business ain't what it used to be; people's a gittin' their eye-teeth cut, so to speak, and there ain't no money to be made like there used to be. Lactometres are a revolutionizin' the business.

"You see," he continued, after I had assured him that I was in sympathy with him, "you see, what knocks the life out of the profits of a milkman is the expense of keeping the cows, and I've been tryin' for a long time to hatch up some infernal scheme to do away with this wanton extravagance. You see, a cow can't go around and devour boots and circus-posters like a goat, and give nutritious milk, and at first I didn't know what to do. The more I thought about reducing my feed-bill, the more the cows' appetites seemed to increase.

"Finally I gave the thing up as a bad job,

and sold the cows, and after that my prosperity in the milk trade began. I sold more milk, and better milk, than any of my rivals, and the cash just rolled in so fast that it took a lightning-calculator to run my books. Why, all you'd have to do with that patent milk would be to swing a pail of it around your head two or three times, and then pull off the lid, and you'd behold the richest butter you ever laid eyes on."

Just then, noticing my suspicious look, he continued:

"What are you laughing at? Perhaps you think my story ain't reasonable, but I can just tell you it is; that old cast-iron cow could just beat the deck on giving milk. You see, I studied up pretty well on the cow, and when I understood her internally, I made one of cast-iron. Her jaw worked on a pivot, and she was all filled with machinery, which included digestive organs, and everything else which accompanies a cow of the first water. Whenever I wanted milk I'd just wind her up like a clock, and she'd commence to work like a Corliss steam-engine; her jaws would begin to move, and then I'd just fire old overcoats, or oil-cloth, or anything I could get a hold of, into her digestive organs, and a few minutes later those old rag-carpets would flow into a pail with cream on them so thick that you'd have to chop through it with an axe to get at the milk.

"You may think I'm lyin'," he went on, "but I'm not; every word I tell you is true, yes, strictly true; and I'd be a rich man to-day if it had not been for an accident which happened me. You see, after I had been in the milk business for a while, I had an idea that I could increase my business if a little plan which I had in my mind could be carried out. I tried, and success crowned my efforts.

"I started a large hotel, and fed the cow on juniper-leaves soaked in Stoughton bitters, and she gave gin-cocktails enough to run the bar and supply all the other saloons in the place. The newspaper reporters said the cocktails were first-class, and they ought to know.

"I used to be a reporter myself.

"Finally," he went on, "some detective gave my little game away, and the government seized the cow and arrested me for manufacturing liquor without paying a license. All my fortune realized in the milk business I was compelled to spend in clearing myself. The United States District Attorney told me the government would not allow me to run any such a four-legged, cast-iron whiskey-distillery unless I'd agree to pay off the national debt.

"Finally a new idea struck me which I thought would yield me more money than the milk or cocktails, if I should only succeed in carrying it out. I had several cows made, and started in the show business, stopping in small towns and giving exhibitions under canvas. As soon as a large crowd was gathered together, it was my custom to make a short address, and then proceed with the exhibition, which consisted of feeding the cows on birch-bark, licorice, sassafras, etc., in order that they would give temperance drinks, which I gave to the crowd gratuitously.

"I used to have very large audiences, I assure you, and whenever I'd stay in a town a week the gin business would fall flat, and the rum-sellers would pay me handsomely to move on.

"After a while I was waited on by a committee and asked if I would accept the nomination for Governor on the temperance ticket. I accepted; spent all the money I had saved on the cows to insure my election, and was ingloriously beaten. I haven't run for Governor since."

I subsequently learned that he did run for office—he was a runner for an insurance office.

R. K. M.

A TALE FOR YOUNG BROKERS IN WALL STREET.



1. Mr. Stickinthy Mud, having a new idea for making a fortune, leaves Wall Street, and makes for the wilds of Africa.



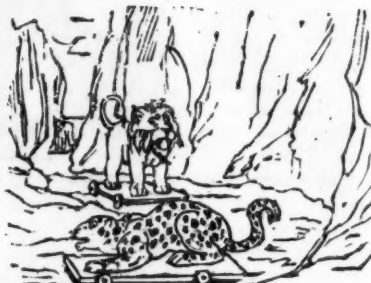
2. Where he settles down, and is waited on by the gay and festive Native, feminine gender, singular number, and dative case.



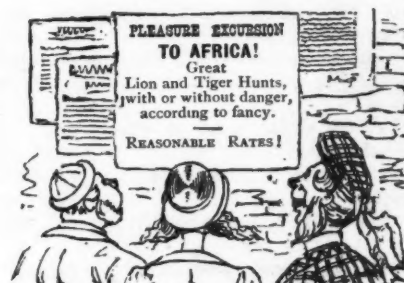
3. Attacked by the natives, he declares himself in. The Natives being, as you will perceive, also retired Wall-Streeters, who caught the same idea ahead of Mr. Mud, there is nothing else left for him to do—



4. But combine and form a society



5. For the taming of wild beasts.



6. They advertise as above.



7. Their ingenuity is rewarded by the arrival of a large horde of English excursionists, who are initiated into the mysteries of the South African Preserves.



8. Mr. Stickinthy Mud (being in with the Natives) arranges an attack, and then declares himself Mediator.



9. He succeeds in bringing about amicable arrangements with the Wild Natives, at the expense of the excursionists' clothing.



10. Mr. Stickinthy Mud generously offers to reclothe the unfortunate excursionists—at a slight profit.



11. He is rewarded for his disinterested benevolence by acquiring a fortune, and receiving the medal of the Humane Society, which he pins on the lapel of his coat—and lives happily ever afterwards.

TOM KING'S STRENGTH.

THERE used to be an eccentric old fellow on one of the East River docks known as old Tom King. Tom had followed the sea from his boyhood, had heard and told numberless yarns, and was quite a respectable, if not an eminent, liar. One day when I met him, some person had just been alluding to the feats of strength which some well-known athlete had been performing.

"Pshaw!" said old Tom King derisively, "that ain't nothin'; why, when I was young and muscular I could beat that all holler; you may laugh if you want to, but I can tell you I was no slouch on lifting. I used to go out in the morning and pull up trees and telegraph-poles by the roots, just to amuse myself and get a good appetite for breakfast.

"In the early part of my life," he continued, "I ran on a canal-boat, and that was just the place where my muscle was developed. Why, once when we were up in the country on the Erie canal, some thieves stole our hawser, and the captain didn't know what to do. We were way inland, and our case was rather a mean one, for we were due at our destination at a certain day, and if we didn't reach port at that time, nobody would ship goods on our craft any more.

"The captain walked up and down the deck howling like a madman, and finally he says, says he:

"I'll give any man ten dollars that will get me out of this box."

"I take ye!" sez I, waltzin' up to him friendly.

"All right!" sez he, smilin' sort o' complacent.

"So I set to work, and for half a day we went skitin' along pretty lively, and folks along the shore came out and cheered like all possessed. You see, we had no rope to hitch onto the mule, so I just anchored myself at the bow and held on to the mule's tail, and we made splendid time until I pulled the mule's tail out by the roots."

As I was complimenting him on his marvelous strength, he interrupted me:

"Oh, that wasn't nothin'," he commenced; "why, I have often thrown that 'way into the shade. About ten years ago a wagon broke down up the street, and a piece of machinery which was on it was dumped in the mud. The schooner that was to take it was agoin' to sail in an hour and a-half, and I was offered five dollars if I'd get it aboard in time. I accepted, h'isted the machinery onto my shoulder, and cantered down the street like a Honolulu musk-deer. Reaching the dock, I stepped up onto a stringpiece, and stood there for half an hour with the machinery on my shoulder, while the mate was findin' a place to stow it away.

"After a while that was settled, and I walked aboard with the machinery. When I got my foot on the deck, I sorter felt somethin' beginnin' to give, and, by gracious, do you know that machinery was so blamed heavy that it sunk the schooner, and we all went down together.

"I thought my time had come, for I couldn't swim a solitary stroke, but I came up natural, you know, with the machinery in my hand. You see, I was kinder lucky in comin' up near the dock. Well, then, I just thought that nothin' but my strength would save me, so I grasped the machinery with one hand and my bootstraps with the other, and lifted myself and the whole business up onto the dock."

JOHN FAIRFAX.

LAGER is three cents a glass in Rochester. Walhalla will have to offer some adequate counter-attraction if it wishes to retain the esteem of the German population.

THE STAGE.

DIPLOMACY AT WALLACK'S.

AN undoubted success has been achieved at Wallack's Theatre by the production of the English adaptation of Sardou's play of "Dora." This success is both artistic and financial—a not too frequent though delightful combination in this depraved theatrical age. Mr. Lester Wallack has exhibited his usual taste in the excellent presentation of the play, and in addition has suppressed himself in playing the part of *Henri Beauclerc*, with a boldness and disinterestedness that is commendable to an almost startling degree. "Diplomacy," which is a play of situation, excellently constructed, and—save for the early portion of the first act interesting throughout—glitters with the artistic embellishment of the French school.

The Wallack company is well fitted to do full justice to this most delicate form of art. Mr. Montague's performance of *Julian* is a really able blending of heroism and sentiment, and does him great credit. Mr. Robinson's small part of *Count Orloff* was made conspicuous by dint of the actor's finish and intelligence. Miss Rose Coghlan, as the scheming *Countess Zicka*, manifested a surprising power; and Miss Maud Granger's *Dora* was charming. It is indeed rarely that such general praise can be so justly bestowed.—But lest this announcement should cause any over-elation of spirits, our next issue will contain a "Condensed Drama" based on "Diplomacy," written with malice prepense and aforethought.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

"OUR ALDERMEN" at the Park to-night.

MODJESKA has been playing in Cincinnati. The theatre is going to be torn down.

"LITTLE BAREFOOT" is the attraction at the Standard this week. Maggie Mitchell plays *Marie*.

Two Circuses are now in full blast, and the rustic visitor and local small-boy are fraternizing anent the circumstance.

ACTRESSES are not admitted into the Stewart woman-home, from which we infer that Mr. Stewart had an exalted opinion of the profession.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN'S" which, during the past week did not constitute the bill at two or three of the local theatres, is rather off color as a play.

GEORGE C. BONIFACE plays *Corporal Antoine* in the "Soldier's Trust" at the Olympic this week. Oofy Goofy, the manager, is the soldier's trust just at present.

THE crowd of men generally in front of the National Theatre are not patrons of the house, as has been popularly supposed, but capitalists desirous of hiring it for brief seasons.

THE Aquarium Chimpanzee has survived a'l hostile attacks, but they have left him in a very enfeebled condition. A reinforcement of three other Chims drew its way thither from Europe.

M. ERNEST PATRIZIO DE CASTIGLIONE gave a very enjoyable Magical Science Exhibition at the Union League Theatre last Thursday. There is a magic charm about a name like this that is worth something to a magician.

THE Lyceum Theatre has been occupied during the past week by a French company, which gave the originals of "Baby," "Rose Michel" and other plays in good style. M. Fritz Hirschy prevailed in charge during the week.

MISS LILLIAN CLEVES CLARK, who brings hither laurels won in the legitimate drama in the Provinces, has been specially engaged to personate *Nia-for-li-ca*, in a drama of the same name, at Niblo's, next week, which was not selected for pronunciation, but to adorn the bill-boards.

ON Monday week a burlesque will be presented at Niblo's Garden, which will engage the services of Miss Lillian Cleves Clark, Miss Belle Hewitt and other notabilities. The name of the burlesque is "Nia-for-li-ca." It was not selected for pronunciation, but to adorn the bill-boards.

THERE is a picture exhibited in the shop-windows of the metropolis which is said to represent Miss Maggie Mitchell. Perhaps it may, at a thousand yards range. But the passer-by, if within a hundred feet of it, fails to note its resemblance to anything human. It should have been withdrawn from active circulation, together with Mr. Runnion's "Mignon."

"LEAH THE FORSAKEN" has possession of the boards at Niblo's Garden this week, and the callow youth, who, coming late, fails to get a programme, and mistakes it for the "Craigie Dhoul," is thus put at a disadvantage with his female companion, and wishes bill-board tickets were never created.

ONE swallow does not make a bummer.

POETICAL justice may be one of the eternal verities, and the mills of God may grind with the deliberate certitude of an elephant marching on a periwinkle, but where are the red-hot pitch and the boiling oil for the seven times damnable villain who invented the word "cablegram"? Does Nemesis slumber?

THE April heavens with cloudlets fill,
The little birds are hushed and still:
We raise our gingham umberill.

From cloud to cloud the thunders ring;
We get beneath an awning,
And meditate on beauteous Spring.

Answers for the Anxious.

S. S.—T. T.

MUSK.—Exhale.

HASELTINE.—Give her another rest.

I. P. H.—"Don't we think this is a queer specimen to appear in Arkansas?" If you allude to your sketch, we reply: We do. We think it much too queer a specimen too appear in PUCK. We are a virtuous paper, and and no syren blandishments from Little Rock shall induce us to immortalize an evil example to the youth of our beloved country.

A. D.—Young man, we did not want a second copy of your letter. It was doubtless gratifying to you to think that we did; and it may have seemed very probable to you that when we referred to another man, we meant you. But we didn't. We have received your letter, and we have not lost it, we regret to say. We have submitted it to several well-known actors and dramatic critics, and their verdict will be given next week.

SALAMENES.—We wish to acknowledge receipt of a large invoice of acrostics, rebuses, enigmas, etc. We may add that we don't care about them. It is a matter of complete indifference to us whether your first is a distinguished general of the Revolutionary war, or whether it isn't. We don't care if your 1, 2, 4, 6 and 8 are a beautiful spring flower, but we'll be eternally eviscerated if we believe it. And as to your reckless assertion that your finals are a well known and popular actor, we can only say that we have far too much respect for the theatre to put the slightest faith in such a calumny. Gone to meet the man who wanted to start a puzzle department.



PUCK to Nemesis: These proud edifices have helped



helped near that one! Your task is not yet completed.

THE MAN WITH THE HISTORICAL VIOLIN.

THE man with the historical violin has come again to the surface, and is once more annoying the community. There are several kinds of this man, but they differ only as to degree. It is not known where, when, or under what condition of circumstance he took his rise. But it would be pleasant to predicate, with some degree of certainty, how he will take his fall. It is presumed that some degraded, reckless and misguided musician, wishing to have some remembrance among his descendants, bequeathed his old violin to his third cousin on his step-sister's side, with instructions that he was to use it for his own behoof and benefit. The perpetrator of this bequest has unquestionably met his fate. It may be urged, in palliation of his enormity, that at that time institutions of the character of the Woman's Home were unheard of, and that, being of scanty means, his capabilities for posterous annoyance were not large. The immediate result of his leaving his old violin to one relative was that all the others claimed it. This provoked, of course, a good deal of wrangling, and gave the violin a fair start in the way of notoriety. Then some musician who had known the deceased in early life, imparted to friends the secret history of the instrument. Then friends agreed among themselves that it was a sacrilege to have the historic violin continue in the hands of the testator's youthful inheritor—so they proposed to buy it from him. This proceeding on the part of the musicians was provocative of much mirth, as they were without resources, and the inheritor sighed for cash. Failing to purchase it, they attempted to take it away from the young man, but without avail. Then they combined together, published what they were pleased to call the "facts" in the newspapers, and demanded that the inheritor present it to them for the sake of art and science.

At this point the virtuoso entered upon the scene and lent a willing hand to the discussion. The upshot of the matter was that the violin passed from the hands of the inheritor in a very battered condition, and after having provoked very much else than harmony.

These old violins afford a good field for newspaper paragraphs. The latest instance is a man who contributes the following as his views:

In an article recently published the writer said among other things, that Joseph Guarnerius was a pupil of Antonius Stradivarius. This is evidently a mistake, from the fact that had he been his pupil he would have followed at least in some degree the model of his teacher, when we find in point of fact that the two were entirely dissimilar. The only similarity existing between the two instruments is the varnish and the high finish as apparent in the second epoch of Guarnerius. These two instruments differ in three essential particulars:

First—In the general outline of the work.

Second—In the sound holes—those of Guarnerius are long and a modified form of Gaspard di Salo.

Third—In the scroll, in which Guarnerius is as distinct from Stradivarius as it is possible to be. We may, in some future article, state who in our opinion was the instructor of Joseph Guarnerius. Again, the writer states that a "Steiner" should bear the autograph of its maker, and the head should be that of a lion. Not necessarily so—especially with reference to the head. Some genuine Steiners have beautiful scrolls; the varnish in a majority of the instruments was dark. The great Stradivarius was not contemporary with, but a pupil of, Nicholas Amatti. Stradivarius was born in 1644, and the first violins made by him are not only exact copies of Amatti, but are actually labeled with his name. In 1736 Stradivarius, being then ninety-two years old, took up his keen chisel and completed with his own hand his last violin. He died in 1737. Berjorzi was a pupil of Stradivarius.

These historic violins are generally much the worse for wear. The deal originals have long since been destroyed for kindling-wood. These exhibited are obtained at cheap rates from the most convenient pawnbrokers. Usually they are of very inferior quality and give the most discordant sounds.

This constitutes the chance of the violin fiend. "Hark!" he exclaims, "listen to that! Can the piano approach such harmony? Is not that beautiful, entrancing, soil-ravishing, tingling with a waltz's harmonious melodies, blending light and shade, and enrapturing the auditor?"

"Yes!" we exclaim.

A seraphic gleam of joy envelops his face and he begins showing the utter and almost pitiable inferiority of the piano to the violin, around which cluster—as he says—"so many pleasant memories."

Some action should be taken for the abatement of this annoyance. Some man should rise in his dignity and strength, and seek an explanation in the premisses. He should ask why it is that the pawnbroker's violin is endowed with so much latent harmony to the exclusion of other musical instruments. He should protest against the rickety and uncertain outturn which marks the genuine historic violin. It is in reality no better than a jews-harp. It is invariably in bad repair. References to Stradivarius, Guarnerius and Amatti will not conceal these deficiencies. It behooves the community that it is no longer annoyed by this grievance and that the perpetrator be consigned to that position of ennobled oblivion, which his persistence so well calculates him to adorn.

A REPRESENTATIVE M. C.

THE following description of a Congressman has been published:

"In personal appearance he is of medium height, compact and enduring build, and of rapid movements. His complexion is fair, his hair dark auburn, dashed a little with gray. He dresses neatly. He has a fine, poetical blue eye, full of language and sympathy. His features are delicately and handsomely cut, with a strong classical cast. He wears no beard except a moustache, closely trimmed. In addressing the House, which he frequently does, his voice is strong, musical and oratorical, and his thoughts flow cogently and rapidly. He has a powerful imagination of the beautiful, and if he were not a statesman he would be a poet. His constituents admire him, and will, no doubt, keep him in Congress so long as he will serve them, which it is hoped will be many years."

The intentions of the lady—it could not be a man—who wrote this were doubtless good, but she has done the M. C. an injustice. One blue eye, however "fine, poetical, and full of language and sympathy," is not a Congressman's full quota. "He wears no beard except a moustache," is unkind. It is not to be wondered that his thoughts flow cogently and rapidly if his voice is "strong, musical, and oratorical." His "powerful imagination of the beautiful" is a diplomatic reference inferring that he has no imagination of anything else. If he is like other Congressmen he will serve his constituents for ever, whether they elect him or not. But perhaps the most objectionable is this: "If he was not a statesman he would be a poet." This is malicious. But it is not so derogatory as it might be when we consider that his claim to statesmanship is representing New Jersey in the Lower House.

THOSE who have been admiring the balmy advent of Spring last week, must hold themselves in readiness to acknowledge that it will serve only to lengthen the season wherein the rustic stage-driver may spin his diffuse yarns.

THE urchin who holds the lowest place in the penmanship class, cites Charles Dickens as an equally bad writer with himself. This is ingenious on the boy's part, and it don't hurt Dickens. His biography has already been published.

PUCK'S COMEDY-STORIES.

V.

THE LATE LAMENTED.

Adapted from the French of O. FEUILLET, by H. C. BUNNER.

CHARLES, *Marquis de Champfleury*.
JULIE, *Marquise de Champfleury*.
LISETTE, *femme de chambre*.
LAFLEUR, } *Valets*.
FRONTIN, }

TIME—*The days of Powder and Plaster.*

SCENE—A pretty boudoir in blue and gray. A large window at the back shows a view of a handsome park. Through the trees, in the far distance, the spectator can catch a glimpse of the spires of Paris. About the room are distinct traces of feminine occupancy; notably two or three bird cages and a parrot's perch. The latter is unoccupied. The hour is early morning, and LISETTE is filling the Sevres vases with flowers, and singing:

One lover is far away,
And one is near
What shall a poor girl say,
Whose lover is far away,
If the other one every day
Calls her his dear?
One lover is far away,
And one is near.

Ah! one might be excused for forgetting a flesh-and-blood lover who was far away; but when the absent lover is a saint in glory—I suppose one ought to be true to him. (*Resuming her song*)

One lover is far away,
And one is near.
Shall her heart forever stay
With the lover who's far away,
Though the other should sue and pray?
The fate is clear
Of a lover who's far away
When another's near!

But a saint in glory! Fidelity is a duty.

Enter M. DE CHAMPFLEURY, in riding costume.

CHAMPFLEURY.

Oh, you think so too, do you, Lisette?

LISETTE (*startled and demonstrative*).

Oh! M. le Marquis, you frightened me!

CHAMPFLEURY.

Too bad! And you're not a girl to be easily frightened, Lisette.

THE MARQUIS points his remark by imprinting a careless kiss on the cheek of his wife's femme de chambre [style of the epoch]; which performance the young woman receives with perfect equanimity. The door of the next room partially opens, and immediately closes again.

LISETTE.

I hope that M. le Marquis is not disturbing himself?

CHAMPFLEURY.

Not at all, my child; not at all.

LISETTE.

Monseigneur was up early this morning.

CHAMPFLEURY.

Yes, I took a little gallop into the country.

LISETTE.

A little gallop?

CHAMPFLEURY.

Yes, a little gallop. Anything remarkable about that?

LISETTE.

It is a habit of M. le Marquis?

CHAMPFLEURY.

Yes—that is—occasionally.

LISETTE.

It was not the habit of M. le Comte.

CHAMPFLEURY.

Eh?

LISETTE.

The predecessor of M. le Marquis.

CHAMPFLEURY.

The habits of M. le Comte are—quite indifferent to me.

LISETTE.

He did not get up at five o'clock in the morning to ride into the country and crown the rosières. (*Aside*) That was not his hour.

CHAMPFLEURY.

Who said I had been crowning rosières? Lisette, don't talk nonsense. On the contrary, talk sense. (*Seating himself*) My good girl, you are much too clever not to have comprehended the situation long ago. You understand how miserable your angelic mistress is making me. Now tell me—you knew this infernal Count, my predecessor, as you call him—tell me, in confidence, did he do anything, when he was alive, to earn all this wealth of posthumous affection which is lavished on his confounded memory? Was he worthy to be thrown at my unhappy head at all times, and under all circumstances?

LISETTE.

Indeed, Monseigneur, it is not for me to make comparisons, but he was an adorable man, the late Count. We all adored him. Has M. le Marquis seen the edifice Madame la Marquise has erected in the park?

CHAMPFLEURY.

No—never mind the edifice. This Count—what was there adorable about him? Of what virtue, in particular, did he make a specialty? As far as I'm concerned, I don't think I'm a monster—eh?

LISETTE.

Not at all, M. le Marquis.

CHAMPFLEURY.

Well then, look here. There isn't anything, in the way of tender devotion, or lover-like care, that I haven't expended on your mistress during the past six months, simply to extinguish that Count—to reduce him to his proper place as a thing of the past. Six months of steady love-making—and no result. None—absolutely none. I can't exactly, you understand, my dear, enter into details—but I may say decidedly, no result—none.

LISETTE.

I am very sorry, Monseigneur.

CHAMPFLEURY.

But what's the use of all this nonsense? Who is benefited by it?

LISETTE.

It cannot but be satisfactory to M. le Comte, if he is aware of it.

CHAMPFLEURY (*rising*).

Lisette, your ideas of consolation are peculiar. But, my girl, I've something else to say to you. Your heart is not as hard as your mistress's. Can you look with a dry eye on the woes of my poor Lafleur? Why, his condition is pitiable. If you don't look kindly on him, we'll find him turned into a fountain, one of these fine mornings.

LISETTE.

Into a wine-vat, Monseigneur means.

CHAMPFLEURY.

No, indeed. You are unjust. This very morning he was weeping, while he dressed my hair. If you won't take charge of him, I shall have to turn him out. The deuce! I can't keep a valet who cries over my head—like a weeping-willow. Come, don't you think you could like him well enough to marry him. He's not such a bad fellow, you know.

LISETTE (*with a sigh*).

Perhaps not, Monseigneur. But is he calculated to efface from my heart the image of the dear and hapless Frontin?

CHAMPFLEURY.

Frontin? Who's Frontin? Oh, the valet of the late confounded Count, wasn't he?

LISETTE.

Alas, Monseigneur, he was. It was he who accompanied M. le Comte on his unfortunate mission to Spain, two years ago, and who perished so gloriously at his side in that awful encounter with the Algerian pirates. Ah! (*growing slightly confused in her emotion*) my poor Pirates—wretched Frontin—I mean—

CHAMPFLEURY.

Never mind, Lisette. Grief is not expected to be rational. But who says that this Frontin is dead? If I remember rightly, there was no mention of him in the papers attesting the Count's death?

LISETTE.

Oh, but he is dead, you may be sure. If he had been a coward, or a drunken good-for-nothing like Lafleur, he would have hid himself away during the combat, and he would have been saved. But no, he was sober; he was valiant, he had every virtue—and he is d-d-d-dead (*sobbing*).

CHAMPFLEURY.

That is his crowning good point, in my opinion. Well, my poor Lafleur and I seem to be in pretty much the same box. There is nothing left for us but to hang ourselves to the same branch, and be canonized in our turn. Come now, don't cry, Lisette, you make me want to—er—laugh.

LISETTE (*drying her tears with celerity*).

Won't Monseigneur go and see the edifice Madame la Marquise has constructed in the Park?

CHAMPFLEURY.

Later, Lisette, later. Tell me, though, don't you think that perhaps I've gone the wrong way to work?

LISETTE.

Perhaps.

CHAMPFLEURY.

Perhaps it would be better if I carried on the campaign less timidly? Perhaps my love is a shade too considerate and respectful? Perhaps a little bit of cavalier indifference would serve my turn better?

LISETTE.

Perhaps, Monseigneur.

CHAMPFLEURY.

Yes—and it would be all very easy, if I didn't care for her—but, you see, I love her so deucedly much! That's where the devil of it is.

LISETTE.

That's where it is.

CHAMPFLEURY.

Where's this edifice you were speaking of, Lisette?

LISETTE.

Right over there, Monseigneur, at the end of the avenue of cypresses.

CHAMPFLEURY (*looking where LISETTE points*).

Cheerful situation. Mme. la Marquise isn't up yet, is she? I wish she were—I have an idea. If I could meet her in the early morning, fresh from pleasant dreams and gentle visions, I might find her heart a little more tender. And besides, this Spring morning—the bright sun—the soft breeze—the fresh foliage—and the flowers and the birds—why, they'd soften a tiger. Wouldn't they, Lisette?

LISETTE (*shrugging her shoulders*).

Perhaps, Monseigneur.

CHAMPFLEURY.

Oh, you won't be happy till I go and examine the edifice of Madame la Marquise. All right, I'm going.

He departs, humming a lively air, and looking comparatively cheerful for a love-lorn wretch. LISETTE gazes after him doubtfully for a moment, and is about to return to her work when she hears a voice outside, and quietly slips away by a side door, just as MME. LA MARQUISE enters, with a parrot of gaudy and variegated get-up perched on her hand. She is feeding him from a cup of bread and milk, and making plaintive confidences to him the while. MME. LA MARQUISE is dressed in a loose peignoir of light-blue, and looks excessively pretty.

JULIE.

Pretty, pretty Polly—was she a darling? Does she want a bit of bread? Ah, Polly, you are my consolation—you are my joy—my lovely bird. Ah! and you want to flirt, and play the coquette, do you? Just because you know I love you. My poor Fiammetta! I have reason to love you—were we not born under the same star? Are we not both widowed by cruel fate? When you put your dear little blue head under your sweet little green wing, you are dreaming, like me, of a land far away, of tropic skies and warm airs—of the land where your mate awaits you—your lover—your husband, with bright plumes like your own—he whom you love and whom you will never see—but—ah! ah! ah!—don't bite my finger, you little glutton! (*Hearing a knock at the door*) Come in!

The door opens, and the MARQUIS enters, meekly, and suddenly stops and regards the scene before him with the air of a delighted connoisseur.

CHAMPFLEURY.

A charming picture! My dear Marquise, permit me to say, without a suspicion of flattery, that you and—what's her name? Fiammetta? compose a picture that—

JULIE (*turning on him with dignity*).

Monsieur le Marquis, will you have the kindness to leave my room this moment?

CHAMPFLEURY (*advancing discreetly*).

What—after you have told me I might come in?

JULIE.

But what is the matter? Are you mad? To come into my private apartment booted and spurred, as if it were your keeper's lodge! Are we in civilized France, or is this Timbuctoo?

CHAMPFLEURY.

Upon my word, madame, my only desire was to make myself agreeable to you by hastening to pay my matutinal respects.

JULIE.

Ah! And was your only desire to be agreeable in hastening to give my maid a—matutinal kiss?

CHAMPFLEURY (*overwhelmed*).

Kissed your maid? Who kissed your maid?

JULIE.

You, sir. Deny if you can—in the face of that mirror—exactly opposite my door.

CHAMPFLEURY (*recovering himself*).

Well, my dear, I may have kissed Lisette—thoughtlessly, as I might pluck a daisy in the fields. But I don't see that any importance attaches to the proceeding.

JULIE.

It necessitates, however, my requesting you to leave my room—immediately.

[To be continued.]

We are in receipt of a letter from Watertown criticising our state of attainment in Biblical knowledge, and ending with a threat not to love us any more. If the writer is a man, we do not care a cent whether he loves us any more or not. If the writer is a woman, we do not see how she can help herself.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and wo
With cautious steps we'll tread,
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.—*Cotton*.

For, when we shuffle off the coil
Of human life, and cease from toil
To rest forever more.
We'll smile to know the world still keeps
The omnipresent man who sweeps
The dirt behind the door.—*Fulton Times*.

And We Took Her Home.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVEL."

I HAD secured the choicest seat by the fire—namely, the low stuffed chair on the right-hand side—not much of a chair perhaps in the eyes of a sybarite, but luxurious to girls accustomed to spend the greater part of every day on backless benches. At any rate I could afford to pity Janet Rock with the sharp corner of a high desk running into her shoulder, and Susan Hill squatting between us, and trying—not very successfully—to shield her already crimson cheeks from the glowing embers. Saving this firelight glare it was nearly dark in the big schoolroom, for it had struck five and we were well on in December. We three had just been counting the hours and minutes that lay between us and that gleeful "going home" for Christmas, which had seemed to my faint heart so dreadfully distant when my mother had given me her parting kiss three months before. After all I had not been so miserable as I had meant to be. In spite of my advanced years—I was turned fifteen—I had fallen pretty readily into the modes and habits of school life, and could hardly believe that this was only my first quarter.

"And so," I was saying rather grandiloquently, "there'll be all manner of fun at home; and then Christmas-day—I don't believe anybody has such Christmas-days as we do. I don't know which is best—breakfast-time, when we are unfastening all our brown-paper parcels, and every one wants to look at everything at once; or the long dinner-table, with grandfather at the end, and little Jessie perched on her high chair beside him; or the games afterwards—magic-lantern, snap-dragon—"

"I wish you'd invite me."

I gave a great jump and stopped short in my description. The interruption came from neither of my two companions, but from a tall girl in a dark gown, who now walked lightly across the room with a key dangling on her finger. The further door must have been open, for we had none of us heard her enter. Though she had startled me, there was nothing at all alarming in her aspect as she came up to the high fender and leant her arms upon it, continuing gayly:

"It makes one's mouth water to hear you, Jenny, especially when one has no better prospect than a Christmas here with deaf old Rachel."

"You won't be here!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Shan't I? I'm afraid I shall, though; I've neither kith nor kin in these parts, and my stepfather in Ireland doesn't value my society enough to frank me there and back."

I was silent, revolving in my mind whether I should ask mother to invite her home with me. We did not care much to have visitors, but Annette Merivale was different from other people. She was pretty sure to earn her welcome anywhere. She had only been a fortnight at Brook House, and already she was the most popular person in the community. And that was saying a good deal, seeing that she filled the anomalous post of pupil-teacher. We girls had at first looked askance at her as an enemy in the camp, but we were soon won over by the frank good-humor, the drollery and adroitness which brightened all she said and did. And even staid Miss Benson, the elderly governess, who was as much an institution as Mrs. Frant herself, and who had regarded this pupil-teacher arrangement as a sad innovation, even she was not long proof against Annette's helpfulness in correcting illegible exercises or fetching a missing handkerchief or

spectacle-case. "A good useful girl," so she pronounced her, and this meed of praise was not easily extorted from Miss Benson. Annette had yet another merit. She was pleasant to look at. Not exactly handsome, but far more attractive than many handsome people. Now as she straightened herself, and stood idly drumming on the brass fender-rail, I thought how much brighter she was than many with twice her share of good luck. There was a kind of sparkle about her dark face, with its clear hazel eyes and straight brows, its red lips and white teeth, and there was something picturesque even in the short wavy hair, so short that it was not easily kept up to the school standard of neatness.

"See!" she said, slipping her hand into her pocket, and producing thence a small card which she held out to me. "There's the likeness I promised you, Jenny; what do you think of it?"

It was a cheap photograph taken by some country artist, but whatever it might be as a work of art, it was to my thinking a capital likeness. It had just caught the turn of her head and her expression. I said so, asking where it had been done.

"At Hatherfield. I had an hour to spare the other day when I took little Charlotte Hampton home. But it was such a queer little shop and such a queer little man, that I rather expected he'd turn me out a Gorgon."

We had our heads all together examining the little picture, when the door opened again, and this time admitted Mrs. Frant.

Annette turned round quickly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she exclaimed; "I did not know you were waiting;" and crossing at once to the school cupboard she unlocked it, and took out a pile of books.

"I did not come for them," Mrs. Frant explained; and then turning towards two little girls playing cat's cradle in a corner of the room, she said:

"Alice Parker, your uncle is here; you may go up-stairs and see him."

The child ran off, and Annette followed her with the books. At the door she stopped.

"Shall you want me to help mark them?" she asked cheerfully.

"No, you may leave them on my table; I can do them myself."

Mrs. Frant spoke in a slightly irritated tone, as if the proposal in some way displeased her. When I said that Annette Merivale was popular among us, I ought to have made a reservation. From the day of her coming it had been evident that Mrs. Frant did not take kindly to her. We wondered among ourselves whether Annette was as well aware of this as we all were. Certainly she never seemed to notice the cold words and looks dealt out to her. What Mrs. Frant found to dislike in her puzzled us—the more so that she was not generally capricious or prejudiced. She had her peculiarities, but they were not of that kind. She was rarely seen to smile, never by any chance heard to laugh. Usually her manner was singularly quiet and subdued, but now and then she would give odd signs of suppressed excitement and agitation. We living with her saw these; but to the world at large, to the parents who put their children in her charge, to her neighbors in the little town, she appeared only a dignified lady who had seen much trouble. Even of that past trouble nothing was certainly known to us beyond the bare fact that she had separated from her husband, who lived abroad, and that, being poorly off, she was forced to eke out her income by keeping school. There were two rumors current in the school about her, neither resting on any sure foundation. The one made her out an ill-used wife, cruelly driven from her husband's roof, with health and spirits broken by his ill-usage; while, ac-

cording to the other, some mysterious deed in her own life had brought about her misfortunes and haunted her memory. I don't know how that last notion originated; I only know that it existed in a vague form, though it was never mooted beyond the school precincts, and only then in confidential talks in the garden or whispered bedroom conferences. Whatever else might be true or false about Mrs. Frant, she was a highly educated woman, and did her duty fully by her pupils. If we had no warm liking for her, it was from no lack of kindness and care on her part.

I have said that there were times when her grave composure was suddenly and unaccountably disturbed. I have seen this happen more than once already, and I chanced to see it now. Janet and Susan had moved off to the further side of the room, but I still sat by the fire, studying Annette's portrait by the uncertain light.

Mrs. Frant coming up to throw on a fresh log glanced over my shoulder.

"What are you trying your eyes over, Jenny?" she asked in her even tones.

I held up the little photograph in explanation. "I'm afraid you can hardly see it now," I said.

She took it from me and looked at it, at first carelessly, then closely. Just then a little jet of flame shot up, illumining not only Annette's pictured face, but her own living one; and I saw as she lifted it a kind of scared look in her eyes.

"Is it Miss Merivale?" she asked hurriedly.

"Of course it must be, though."

"Yes," I said; "don't you think, ma'am, it's very like her?"

"Yes, yes," she assented. "But at first there was a look"—she stopped, collected herself, and gave it back to me. "It reminded me of a person I once knew. One often sees that kind of chance resemblance. Now go upstairs, my dear, and get ready for tea."

That night, as we were going up to bed, I slipped my arm through Annette's, and whispered to her:

"Should you like to go home with me—that is, if my mother doesn't mind?"

She looked down with one of her bright smiles.

"Thank you, Jenny; but I'd best get used to my fate at once. I shall do very well here; I was only joking this afternoon."

"Where is Mrs. Frant going?" I inquired.

"Indeed I can't tell; I only know she's not to be here. She told me that when she wrote to engage me. I daresay she visits among her relations."

"Has she any relations?" I asked dubiously. I knew she had one, but I had forgotten it just then.

"I suppose so," rejoined Annette, laughing; "most people have. But I'm the worst person you could catechize concerning Mrs. Frant. I'd never so much as heard of her a month ago, and she isn't very communicative to me now."

"How did you hear of her?" I demanded again, recalling Mrs. Frant's odd manner that evening.

"Oh, my stepfather wanted to get me placed out somewhere, and he was told of Mrs. Frant's school, and wrote to her describing my great capabilities. But there, Jenny, you really mustn't ask any more questions to-night, or we shall both get into hot water. It's past bedtime already."

I think it must have been about a week later that, as we trooped into the schoolroom one frosty morning fresh from our daily walk, we found Mrs. Frant sorting the letters. We gathered round, eagerly waiting for our possible share, but various murmurings arose when there proved to be only one for me, one for Miss Benson, and two for Mrs. Frant herself.

I was devouring my home news when Mrs. Frant spoke to Miss Benson.

"I must go into Hatherfield to-day by the twelve-o'clock train. You will be able to manage the school work, I think; and Miss Merivale," looking across at her, "must help you as much as she can."

"Certainly I will," assented Annette readily.

"I shall be back by tea-time, I hope," proceeded Mrs. Frant; "but if I should be kept later, don't wait for me."

So she departed, and Miss Benson reigned in her stead. Not much to our satisfaction, since she happened to be in an unusually crabbed humor, and all Annette's efforts failed to smooth her into amiability. The afternoon turned out wet, and we could not go out. It was always dull work spending many hours in that bare schoolroom, and we looked rather impatiently for Mrs. Frant's return, the more, as she had undertaken to bring back a small packet of beads, floss silk, and the like, which we had ordered at the fancy shop at Hatherfield. But tea-time came and she did not appear. The night set in, and we had been in bed nearly an hour, when the door-bell rang sharply, and we heard her voice speaking to Miss Benson on the stairs.

"Yes, I missed my train, and took a fly home. I think I'll have a cup of tea up-stairs. I don't need anything else."

She went on past our room, not looking in as she generally did to see that all was right, and I heard her enter her own, and cross the floor slowly, as though she were very weary. Yet the next morning, when the prayer-bell summoned us down, she was in her usual place at the end of the room. Her back was towards the window, and it was scarcely yet broad daylight, but as I took my seat near her it struck me that her pale face was several shades paler than usual. Presently one of the elder girls asked for the expected parcel, and she started almost as if she had been asleep, murmuring hurriedly:

"Parcel! What parcel?" and then, when she remembered it, making rapid nervous excuses for her negligence—it had been so wet, she had not passed the shop, and so forth. All through that morning she was strangely fitful, as though her mind were preoccupied, and she were trying hard not to show it. Now and again she would speak in a dull, mechanical way, and then all at once she would rouse herself to unusual energy and alertness. She had a trick of passing her hand over her eyes, but I had never seen her do it so often as she did this day; and more than once I noticed that the thin white hand trembled as she raised it. I do not know whether my class-fellows observed these things, but some one else did. When the little ones were released to their play, Annette asked leave to take the history class.

"For I'm sure you have a headache," she said, "and reading aloud will make it worse."

Mrs. Frant hesitated. I think she was going to say "No;" but if so she changed her mind.

"It is only neuralgia," she said. "The foggy air about Hatherfield always brings it on. But you may take the class, for I am expecting my aunt, Miss Liston, here this afternoon, and I should like to be fresh for her."

More than one of us looked up, rather excited at this bit of news. We had heard of this aunt, and knew that she had taken charge of Mrs. Frant when she had been sent home from India with her ayah about thirty years before. But the old lady lived in France, and had never yet appeared at Brook House. Something in Mrs. Frant's way of announcing her coming now made me fancy that it was not an altogether pleasant prospect to her. Whether that were so or not, she was plainly minded to receive her guest with honor; for when we next went up-stairs the housemaids were arranging

and embellishing the spare room with all speed. I had a good opportunity of observing them, for the six-bedded room to which I belonged was just on the opposite side of the passage. While I was watching the white-muslin curtains put up, and the frilled pincushion brought forth, Annette, who, in right of her teachership, had a slip of a room to herself, came to her door, and I communicated to her in a loud whisper the result of my observations. She laughed.

"That frilled pincushion seems to give you a vast idea of dignity, Jenny. Now I, on the other hand, fancy her a wizened little body, who'll take snuff and hobble about on a stick."

"Hush!" said I apprehensively.

Annette was much too daring. She never seemed afraid to say anything that came into her head, and she never spoke in an undertone, as most of us did in discussing Mrs. Frant's affairs. My warning came rather late. Mrs. Frant appeared on the stairs below just as Annette ended her speech, and must surely have heard it; but she only reminded me with unusual sharpness that I was breaking rules in loitering up-stairs.

It was growing dusk that same evening, when a fly drove up to the iron gate. We girls crowded to the schoolroom window just in time to see an old lady alight cautiously, and mount the broad stone steps to the front door, followed by the driver carrying a big box and a traveling bag. Truly Annette's fancy picture had been wide of the mark, for Miss Liston was tall and upright, and though she walked feebly, leant on no supporting stick. So much and no more could we discover before she entered the hall, amid a confused murmur of greetings and directions. Tea-time brought us no fresh opportunities, for a separate repast was served her up-stairs. The next morning, however, Fortune unexpectedly favored my curiosity; for Mrs. Frant sent me to the drawing-room for some sealing-wax, and there, in the easiest arm-chair, and deep in the study of a newspaper, I found the strange lady. She must have been a fine-looking woman in her youth, for even now there was something striking about her well-cut nose and mouth, and her high forehead shaded by its bands of silvery hair. But somehow I felt rather afraid of her, as she sat scrutinizing me over her spectacles while I hunted in the inkstand drawer.

"Come here, child," she said suddenly, when, having found what I wanted, I was creeping away. "They don't teach you manners seemingly. Come and tell me your name."

She spoke harshly and imperiously, as if she were used to command and be obeyed.

"Jenny Lucas," I faltered, standing before her shamefacedly.

I think she enjoyed my confusion, for she sat eying me composedly, and smoothing down her rich silk dress with her gloved hands.

"You needn't look so scared. I'm not going to eat you yet awhile. How old are you?"

"Fifteen," I responded.

"You don't look it, then. I should have taken you for twelve."

And hereupon followed a long string of questions as to my tastes and companions, to all of which I was conscious of replying with a very ill grace. I was dismissed at last with a curt "There, you may go. I've had enough of you. Just put that cushion at my back. It's time I took my morning nap."

I was only too glad to obey orders, and I had no further desire to see this alarming person invade our domains. We wondered why she should have come just now, when Mrs. Frant's hands were especially full with the final business of the quarter. But it was clear that she meant to make a long visitation, for this same day Mrs. Frant informed Miss Benson at dinner that she had changed her plans, and that

she should spend the holidays at Brook House. I looked at Annette to see whether she was glad or sorry, but she was too busy helping potatoes for me to catch her eye. I soon forgot her, however, in watching Mrs. Frant herself. Her manner was so odd and fluttered, and she was so strangely restless. A dozen times that day she laid down her book or pencil, and left the room with some muttered explanation, as if she were thinking anxiously and fearfully of the stern old lady sitting alone in the drawing-room, or more often in the bedroom up-stairs where a good fire was kept burning. She never stayed away long, but generally came back looking more troubled than before. The change in her was so marked that we all noticed it; but it was only Annette who interpreted it.

(To be concluded.)



Puck's Triflinges.

How to keep a shad fresh—don't catch him.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

THE early angler catches the worm and a cold.—*Norristown Herald*.

SAM BARD is at present unanimous editor of the Baton Rouge *Herald*.—*Boston Post*.

IN Paris they suppress caricatures of Bismarck; his photographs are sufficient.—*Boston Post*.

THE successor of Lord Derby is Lord Salisbury. He is not an Ohio man.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald*.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL takes a Boston paper, but otherwise he is believed to be in his right mind.—*Buffalo Express*.

THE difference between the grangers and Henry Clay Dean is that they are sons of toil and he is tons of soil.—*Worcester Press*.

A STANDING joke—Getting up to offer your seat to a lady in a car, and then having her give it to her husband.—*New York Commercial*.

A NEW YORK woman dreamed her house was robbed, and so it was. People should be careful what they dream.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald*.

MR. GLADSTONE has declined an invitation to visit Yale College. Mr. Gladstone has probably some regard for his personal safety.—*Oil City Derrick*.

AT A. T. Stewart's New York Hotel for Women a female that can't pay \$8 a week for board isn't considered a woman.—*Philadelphia Kronicle-Herald*.

CHILDREN, cultivate first-class moral characters, and then in after years when you tell about this winter, people will believe you—perhaps.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

THE New York *Sun* thinks Bayard Taylor was made Minister to Germany on account of his musical talents. In that case he ought to be kept to hum.—*Boston Post*.

WILL the man himself who buys old postage stamps, or the man who knows the man who was paid by another man that he knew a man who informed him that a man in Paris bought old stamps to be used in the production of papier maché, please call at this office.—*Boston Journal*.

OPERA mantles of raw silk bourette, in delicate shades of color, are threaded with lines of gold and silver, and trimmed with chenille and gold and silver fringe to match.—*Kansas City Times*.

IN case England drafts men to fill up her army, the Prince of Wales will indignantly exclaim, "Here, you can't take me. I'm the only support of a widowed mother."—*Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald*.

JOSEPH COOK thinks the greatest danger that threatens this country is the Southern war claims. This shows as much sapientcy as does his discovery that three women constitute a "triumvirate."—*Boston Post*.

NEW ORLEANS OWES Mrs. Gaines \$4,000,000; and she says when she gets her money she is going to publish a newspaper. It is strange that she should want to spend in six months the money she was nearly a whole life-time in securing.—*Norristown Herald*.

NOW is the time for spring cleaning. If you have not got a spring, clean out your well.—Mercantile men do not always punctuate correctly, although they are posted in commas.—Is Bob Burdette the author of that little song commencing, "Hawkeye, hear an angel sing?"—*Bost. Com. Bulletin*.

A MOUNTAIN gave out that it was in an Interesting Condition, had the Valleys strewn with Tan-Bark, and authorized its Friends to announce that this was to be the Greatest Effort of its Life. It then brought forth a Customouse. Moral: The Moral to this Fable can be found 'most any day in the Washington dispatches.—*World*.

'Tis strange; 'tis passing strange! An American artist could not be found by the Director of the Mint to furnish an acceptable design for the new dollar. And yet, no sooner does the new dollar make its appearance than American counterfeiters produce a bogus coin which is pronounced much superior in artistic execution to the English design. Here is food for reflection.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE Manchester *Mirror* maintains that there is no reason whatever why a young man who has a moderate amount of soul in him may not go to Paris this summer, stay there a month, and get back here at an expense of from \$150 to \$175. This may be so, but we would advise any young man from Manchester who contemplates making the trip, to take along an extra half-dollar in case of an accident.—*Boston Post*.

IN the breast of this giant-limbed, mammoth-boned continent of ours, penetrated through and through by the warmly-pulsating arteries of civilization, there throbs a heart large enough to embrace even so large an idea as that of the universal brotherhood of nations.—*Remark, not meant to be humorous, by the Cornell Review, in a Macaulay frame of mind*.

MR. CATLIN, president of the Paragraphers' Association, is going to Europe. It is generally the treasurer who indulges in these foreign trips until the affair "blows over," but the partial failure of the cranberry crop in New Jersey last year prevented the members of the association from providing him with sufficient funds.—*Norristown Herald*.

SPEAKING for the honest farmer who is toiling to lift a mortgage from his farm, the college student of the *Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin* says: "On will I toil though the day lengthens with the summer's heat. Hear him whistle in the furrow as he inspires the fagging team." Whistling in the furrow won't do it, young man, it won't do it. Nothing on earth will inspire a fagging plow team but a nest of yellow-jackets.—*Oil City Derrick*.

AT 20 a woman searches for the trailing arbutus. At 25 she is after horse-radish. At 30 she digs roots for her blood. Such is gentle Spring in the various stages of the feminine life.—*Danbury News*.

THE first literary effort of Flavius Josephus Cook has been made public by his old teacher. It takes up the subject of "The Cow" and discusses it as follows:

"The cow is a good animal. She has two horns, and two eyes, and gives milk which is good to eat. She has four legs and eats grass and hay. Some of them are red, and they have long tails."

There is very little to be said by way of criticism of the production, except that it bears evidence of the writer's immaturity. His information is correct, but his way of putting it betrays the fact that it was written before he had become erudite and competent to address a Boston audience acceptably. Doubtless he meant to say that the female of the bovine genus is a beneficent mammal; that this ruminant quadruped is possessed of corneous protuberances, projecting from the occiput, that her vision is binocular and that she yields an edible and nutritious lacteal exudation; that she is quadrupedal and herbivorous, assimilating her food in both the succulent and exsiccated state; that some of them chromatically correspond to the seventh color of the spectrum, and that they are endowed with caudal appendages of exaggerated longitudinality.—*Worcester Press*.

THE playful college student purchases a ticket to Count Joannes's *Richard Third* and goes in pursuit of a defunct rat. This he secretes about his person until he has opportunity to cast it at the feet of *Richmond*. The Count gathers up his shekels and hies himself to a distant city, leaving the student engaged in a vain attempt to deodorize his garments. And yet the student affects to regard Joannes as the bigger ass of the two.—*Worcester Press*.



In Memoriam Brigham Young.

To supply the demand for the above-named illustration, depicting the "Mormon's Empty Pillow," and owing to the fact that the edition of "PUCK" containing it has been entirely exhausted, the cartoon has been published as a single sheet, and can be obtained from any newsdealer in the country.

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